

SK IN HOSP (IN LINE OF BEAUTY)

-By WALLGREN



NO, YOU CAN'T ALWAYS GET BY WITH A JOKE

April Fool Is Gone and Past, and There's No Need of Mentioning Anybody's Name Anyhow, But Someone Got a Laugh Out of It

I'd been in the service about a week last year when April first rolled round and caught me napping. Our Top put over a fake phone call on me first thing off the bat. Just as he expected, I fell for it and spent a dollar and 40 cents calling a number on long distance, to find that my party had nothing in particular to say to me other than that she was sorry such a mistake had been made.

Many things have happened since April 1, 1917. Our Top's a lieutenant now and I'm a corporal. When April Fool's day came around this time I hadn't forgotten the phone call. Over here in France it isn't so easy to do up fake calls, so I had to resort to something else.

I enlisted the services of Buck, who also had numerous grievances against our old top cutter, and soon preparations were under way for an unpleasant surprise for the lieutenant.

We went over along officers' row and found a discarded tin box that has safe-ly conveyed a cake or something past Fritz's snout. Next we found the wrapper that had accompanied it. The rest was easy. We changed the name of the officer and the regiment and company address, then with the tin box we retreated to the horse corral.

After we'd tied it up and kicked it a few times to give it the appearance of having crossed the ocean, we tossed it into the morning's mail and hid in the mess tent, where we had an excellent view of officers' row.

Only Once a Year

Presently, the lieutenant sauntered over to the Top's tent, collected his mail and walked back again.

"Won't be sore, though!" Buck says.

"I'd hate to have him know who did it," I says.

"April First comes only once a year," Buck laments.

Well, there wasn't much happened. We watched for about an hour, but when the lieutenant came out of his tent again it was to take a squirt at the weather. Buck guessed he hadn't opened his morning's mail yet. I had my doubts about that.

Along about three in the afternoon the Top calls Buck and I into his tent. We were relieved to find that he was alone.

"Now," says Top, "you fellows have a little trip comin' to you. I guess. The lieutenant was over here a while ago and said to have you dress up in your best, clean up your side arms, and report to him at four. I think you're goin' to lug some prisoners away. Now get busy and clean up. You couldn't get past the cook shack lookin' like that!" He points to my trousers where I'd sewed up a rip. "You look like you'd been through a bayonet charge."

"April fool," I says. "I ain't been nowhere."

"Well, you're goin' somewhere too sweet," he says.

So Buck and I slick up. I shined his shoes and he shined mine. I togs up in my best uniform—I've only got two besides a pair of English fatigue trousers—and gets out my brand new hat that I've been saving for my trip to Aix.

"I'll let we're goin' to Paris, maybe," Buck says.

"Sure we are," I says.

Scratching on the Canvas

Over at the lieutenant's tent I scratched on the canvas and was saluted with the word "Well!"

"I have instructions to report to you, sir," I tells him.

"Oh, yes; come in."

Buck and I stepped inside, looking like a million dollars just after it'd come out of the mine. On a table in front of him the lieutenant has a lot of papers spread out, which looked like ready transportation. It was a happy moment.

"Now," says the lieutenant, after he's spent some time looking over an official order, "you fellows know when that train leaves for Paris this evening?"

"About six," Buck says.

"And do you have any idea what a fellow could do in Paris for five days," he goes on—"I mean what could he do to pass the time away?"

"Five days!" I almost choked. "Why, he could—well, there's a lot of theaters and things, you know. That would be easy."

"Five days is a lot of time," the lieutenant says, meditatively.

I looked over at Buck and he looks as though he's going to do a flop right there in the tent.

I waited a minute while the lieutenant does some figuring on a piece of paper. Then he tosses the pencil away and looks up at us.

"Do you remember that prisoner you

pinched a week or so ago for callin' you names?" he asks me.

I nodded my head. It was very clear to me now. The Top had doped it out just about right.

Waiting at the Guard House

"Well, the lieutenant says, 'he and five others are waiting for you at the guard house. I'm going to Paris on this evening train for a five-days' visit, and while I'm gone you'll be in charge of these six prisoners. It'll be your duty, with Buck's assistance, to keep the horse corral well policed each day,' he goes on, 'and you can give the regimental street a going-over each morning, too. That's all.'

"Yes, sir," I says, and saluted. I never so much as smiled.

The next morning we were en route to the corral with our six prisoners.

"Holy smoke!" says this guy that I'd pinched the week before. "Yesterday was April First and I plum forgot to fool anybody. . . . Did you get fooled, corporal?"

I didn't say a word, but looks over at Buck.

"Shall I kick him?" Buck asks.

"No," I says; "stick him with the bayonet."

SETH T. BAILEY, Corp. Inf.

YE OLDE DAYS OF SHOVELRY

Terrible Implement of Warfare Used Even by Sailors

We used to spell it "chivalry." Now it is "shovelry."

American soldiers, eager for a charge at the Bloche, are learning that, although war may be symbolized by the magazine cover designers and others in a young man dashing "over the top" with a bayonet held decorously at high port, it neither begins nor ends there. Most of the troops here, by more or less frequent association, have become well acquainted with the shovel. It's the grand old, ever-present necessity of warfare, ancient and the new. It is conceivable that an army might go to war without rifles. But without shovels—never! War, the American soldier is coming to learn, is nine-tenths work and one-tenth fighting.

The engineers got hold of the shovel handle early. It was what they expected anyhow. And they were joined by the infantry and the marines, the guardsmen and—yes, 'tis true—the sailors.

A battalion of marines moved into a camp one day next to the station of an engineering company. As the engineers marched forth next morning, their picks and shovels at a proper right shoulder, the marines gave 'em the laugh.

"Join the engineers," shouted they, "and work."

The next day came an order to issue shovels to each marine and they joined the engineers on the job. What is more, the engineers were made foremen by virtue of their familiarity with the work. The "kid" was reversed.

"Join the engineers," sang the latter, "and watch the marines work."

There are training trenches to dig, sewers to be laid, water systems to install, railroad yards to be constructed and the soldier, perforce, is doing it.

THE GROANING BOARD IN GERMANY

One of the postcards most popular at present with Germans who are disposed to try and make light of the empire's food difficulties is one bearing the following recipe for preparing a war meal: "Dip the bread card in the egg card and bake it in the butter card to a nice brown on both sides. The vegetable card is to be steamed with the flour card until partly tender and then cooked with the potato card until done."

"For dessert the leftover pieces of the dough card are to be sprinkled with the cheese card, covered with some small pieces of extra cards, and served with the pitted fruit card. Then put the potato card in boiling water, add the milk card, dissolve the sugar card in it, and throw in some toasted crumbs of a white bread card."

"Be sure to remember that the kitchen fire is to be made with a coal card and your hands washed with a soap card and dried on a clothing card."

The young lady across the water thinks that those things the Ordinance Department men wear on their collars are awfully cute; but why the pineapple?

AS WE KNOW THEM CAMP THE TOP SHERMAN

Some kids was born with golden spoons, our Top was born with nails A-sandwiched in between his lips—or maybe two—kinda like that. For verbal lightnin' he can wield as can no other guy. And if you have a button off, you'll know the when and why!

He's served his sev'ral hitches and has hiked it on the plains; He thinks he's too dandy lady-like for us to ride in trains Or open trucks or canteens; and if he had his way We'd all get fallen arches from a walkin' 'round all day.

He bawls at us at dawnin' and he bawls at us at night— The only thing he lives for is to give recruits a fright; He's harder than the Skipper and the first and second loots, And six foot men, when facin' him, just shiver in their boots!

I wish they would commission him, and rob him of his sting; Before I'd ask his favor, I'd take double shots of bing— But still, he has his uses; if he didn't use us rough, We'd get it from the Skipper and—well, one such guy's enough!

WHOLE HOSPITAL CURED BY ONE ART DEPARTMENT

The Art Department of your newspaper has been sick. The Art Department has had boils under its left arm—eight of them, as big as New England halibutones.

While that didn't bother the Art Department much—for its right arm was still able to salute, to hoist things to its face, to scratch its head in search of ideas, and occasionally to make cunning little chicken tracks with an art pen on a piece of perfectly good Bristol board—still, the Art Department thought something ought to be done about it. That left arm incapacitated its style in trying to speak semaphores French, and make setting up exercises anything but a pleasure.

So the Art Department went to the sick bay. The Art Department, being a marine, persists in calling it the sick bay, when any other mortal would refer to it as the infirmary. The medico in charge of the sick bay took one peek, and shipped the Art Department off to Dr. Blake's Red Cross hospital in the Rue Piccini, just off the Avenue Malakoff, in Paris.

"Hell, I'm all right," protested the Art Department. "I don't have to work with two hands like these ordinary typewriting guys. I can get along all right; honest, I can. I feel good as anything."

Art Department Gets Free Ride

"Better have 'em out," advised the medico; and without another word the Art Department was bundled off in the Red Cross Black Maria.

They took the Art Department tenderly and dived it of its marine green and wrap puts and other impediments. Then gave it clean pajamas and a mauve dressing gown. Rumor has it that they also gave it a bath.

Thus equipped, the Art Department felt quite chipper. It sat up in bed and fairly beamed. Finally, it called for pen and paper.

A kind nurse brought them. And then the fun began.

First, a youngish surgeon, sporting only single shoulder-bars, was sketched. It made the nurse awfully uncomfortable, for she doesn't like to laugh at superior officers behind their backs. But that wasn't an instance to her discomfort when one of the Big Mogul surgeons happened by, and the Art Department, which ain't got no sense of shame, sketched him, too. It simply couldn't resist the beard.

The nurses, who were now beginning to gather in force, stuck a thermometer in the Art Department's mug in an effort to quiet it. But the Art Department wouldn't quiet. Propped up in bed with the thermometer elevated six points north-by-northeast in the rakish angle of the accustomed cigarette, it proceeded to sketch the nurses, dimples and all. And then it turned to its fellow sufferers on the adjoining cots, and proceeded to sketch them.

By this time, the wing of the hospital to which the Art Department was segregated had lost all sense of discipline. Those who were able and well were leaning weakly up against the walls, holding their sides or corsets, whichever they happened to have, in an effort to keep from bursting with unholty glee. Those who were not able and well lay crunched upon their cots, trying to forget the pictures by closing their eyes, but not having any luck at all. A patient who was in imminent danger of straining a blood vessel had to be summarily removed.

An orderly came up on the run, to try and quiet the row. Before he could get two words out—there he was, in black and white, with those two missing front teeth showing up in the picture. He fled in confusion.

They finally quieted the Art Department, but only temporarily, by shooting it full of ether and proceeding to cut out the boils. They thought the ether fumes would make it lie doggo until the hospital force had regained its poise. But not so.

It looked up out of its anaesthetic trance, yawned, and asked for a cigarette. A nurse, still chuckling, was standing by its bedside.

"Now will you behave?" asked Friend Nurse, in a futile attempt to look stern.

"Sure," obligingly assented the Art Department, "sure I will if you'll hand me that drawing board and pen. I saw a lot of funny things in the air when they had me doped, and I want to draw 'em!"

With a shriek, the nurse fled down the corridor, calling loudly for husky orderlies to come quick with a strait-jacket. But no orderlies came. They, too, had collapsed from sheer force of merriment.

At last reports both Art Department and hospital were doing well.

THOSE SERVICE FLAGS

Want to start an argument? Then some night when time hangs heavy in the barracks, ask someone across the aisle to tell you the color scheme of the American service flag. You know, the one they've hung out in the bay window back home to show you're in the Army, and which will probably get in the way of the ice card this summer and have to be moved. Here's how to go about it:

You: "Say, Bill, what's the color of a service flag?"

Bill: "Why, red, white and blue, I s'pose, just like any other flag."

You: "Yeah, but how are the colors arranged?"

Bill: "Why, er—er—red border, white center, and blue—no, that ain't right. Blue border, blue star—lessee—"

Bill's Bunkie: "Naw, you're all wrong. It's red border, blue center, white—wait a sec—white border, red center—"

Cook (passing through to bunk on return from day's final chow): "Vassan? Service flag colors? Ask me; the folks have got one hung up on the weather vane on the barn. It's a blue border, red center, and—"

Bill: "That's just what I said—blue center, red border—"

Bill's Bunkie: "Naw, you didn't! That's what I said. Blue star, red border—"

Etc., etc., etc.

Try it and see how it works.

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